

The Hallway Closet by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

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Summary:

Nancy can't help but tease Jonathan a little under the dinner table. Eventually they have to peel off for some privacy. But things do not go as planned...

The Hallway Closet

"God, you're such a tease," Jonathan sighs before capturing her lips again.

"You love it," she notes before slipping her tongue in and pressing herself closer up on him.

"Mmhm," he moans into her mouth.

They had gone to her house after school, hanging out in her room doing *a little* homework and *a lot* of other stuff until her mom called up the stairs that dinner was ready. So they had sat down at the table with her parents, little sister and both of their respective brothers and the rest of the "Party". She knew he was still a bit nervous around her parents. Her mom likes Jonathan, but her slightly overbearing way of endlessly asking questions and talking, in an effort to be welcoming of course, seemed to overwhelm him at times. But her dad's silence, only ever broken for intermittent questions that always came across a bit interrogational when they were directed at her boyfriend, was worse for Jonathan. So usually she helps him, defends him or deflects her dad's questions, takes some of mom's questions herself, and takes his hand under the table to calm him, giving it encouraging squeezes to let him know he's doing fine.

Usually. But today she was in a bit of a mood. A certain mood. They had been having some fun up in her room but it had stayed fairly innocent since her whole family was home plus his little brother and the rest of the knuckleheads and anyone of them (okay, not her dad since he only ever left the Lay-Z-Boy for the prospect of food on the table) could burst in at any moment. So she wasn't... that satisfied. To be perfectly frank, she was horny. And she knew Jonathan was too. And she couldn't help finding pleasure in teasing him. Just a bit.

She started with just running her foot up and down his leg. Then maybe more up and up rather than up and down. Then she placed a hand on his thigh. Maybe moved it a bit more to his inner thigh. Maybe started running it up a bit too. Maybe. His breath hitched in

his throat. When her hand went really high he almost choked on his water and she had to back down a bit while trying to keep herself from smirking. Nearing the end of dinner he excused himself from the table while the boys all chattered away about what they would do later. She tried to stifle a grin, wait an appropriate amount of time, she felt, to not raise suspicion and then very discreetly excused herself too.

As soon as she made it out into the hall he grabbed her arm and pulled her into the hallway closet. God she loves it when he takes initiative like that. And that he just chose the nearest somewhat private place. She's all for it. The bathroom is frankly too far away when the dark closet is this close and just fit for the two of them. It's cramped because of the winter coats hanging in here and so dark they can't see but that's not necessary. It's enough to *feel*. To press herself up against him so tight and push him up so his back hits the door. His arms around her, holding her closer. His lips against hers, her tongue finding his.

But then suddenly there's light and at the same moment they're falling. They both yelp. She's very touched by the fact that his instinct is to hold her close, making sure she has a soft landing as she comes down on top of him, but for his own well-being she would've liked for him to maybe just brace his own fall a little bit too, as he falls flat on his back. He lands on the floor with a groan. She looks up from her position on top of him and finds Mike, Will, Dustin, Lucas and Max all staring down at them, her brother's hand still on the doorknob of the closet door.

So apparently they were done eating and are heading out. They all wear expressions of surprise on their faces which quickly shifts into smugness (for Dustin, Lucas and Max), mild embarrassment (for Will) and strong embarrassment and annoyance (for Mike).

"Mike? What was that noise?" Their mom calls from the dining room.

She looks up at Mike with a look that means "If you say anything I'll kill you and you know I could, I'm proficient with a gun."

"I hate you," he mutters to her, rolling his eyes before calling back to their mom. "Nothing mom! Dustin just tripped," he says and hits the curlyhaired boy on the arm.

"Y-yeah! It was just me, I tripped," Dustin springs to life and calls back while winking at her.

She gets up off Jonathan and gives him a hand, pulling him to his feet. She tries to control her blushing, Jonathan refuses to meet anyone's eye. Mike grabs his coat from the closet and closes the door.

"You owe me."

"Whatever."

The kids all get their coats on and go outside to do god knows what. She rubs Jonathan's back when they walk back to the dining room while trying to come up with an explanation for their conspicuously long absence (she never really thought that far ahead earlier).

"You okay?" She asks.

He makes a noise she's learnt is meant as an affirmative.

"We'll pick this up later," she continues.

He makes another noise of affirmation.